



DICKENS, CHARLES

POLLOCK'S JUVENILE DRAMA

OLIVER TWIST
or the Parish Boy's Progress

a Drama, in three acts, - 6 plates of characters, 13 scenes, 1 set piece, 3 wings, total 23 plates in color, adapted only for Pollock's Characters and scenes. London: at his wholesale and retail print and tinsel warehouse...

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LONDON:

AT HIS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Print and Tinsel Warehouse,

73, HOXTON STREET,

and by all Theatrical Print and Booksellers.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

OLIVER TWIST (An Orphan Boy)
MR. BROWNLOW (A retired Gentleman in Clerkenwell)
MR. GRIMWIG (His Neighbour and Companion)
MR. BURNS (A Magistrate)
MR. SOWERBERRY (An Undertaker)
MR. BUMBLE (Beadle of the Workhouse)
MR. MONKS (A Stranger)
NOAH CLAYPOLE (An ill-favoured Charity Boy)
BILL SYKES (Housebreaker, of a savage disposition)
TOBY CRACKIT (One of the Swell Multitude)
FAGIN (Jew Keeper of a Fence, or Den for Thieves)
THE ARTFUL DODGER (A Young Thief)
CHARLEY BATES (do.)
Footman, Policeman, Mob, Thieves, &c.

WOMEN.

ROSE MAYLIE
NANCY
MRS. CORNEY (afterwards Mrs. Bumble)
MRS. BEDWIN (Housekeeper to Mr. Brownlow)
Servants, Paupers, &c., &c.

The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing
the Audience.

*N.B.—Care should be taken in cutting out the Characters,
that the Name and Number of each Character, or Set Piece, &c.
be marked on the back, that they may correspond with the Book.*

OLIVER TWIST.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. No. 1. THE INTERIOR OF THE
"THREE CRIPPLES." Wings No. 1.

The Tables with THIEVES—and BATES & DODGER Playing
at Cards, in Set Piece, to be put on.

Enter FAGIN, Right Hand & BILL SIKES, Left Hand—Pl. 2.

Fagin. 'Tis gold! By my soul, a bargain!

Sikes. What are you jawing about, Fagin?

Dodger. Fagin's got a bargain, that's all.

Sikes. Who has he been swindling, the old thief?

Fagin. No one. A pauper met me in the street, just
now, and sold me this watch.

Sikes. And how should a pauper have a watch?

Fagin. It was given her by a woman she attended, four-
teen years ago. I'll tell you all about it.

Enter MONKS, Left Hand—Plate 3. (*he retires back.*)

Fagin. About fourteen years ago, said the pauper, they
discovered her in the road, worn out with fatigue and want.
Within three hours of her being brought to the workhouse,
she gave birth to a male child and expired. As a reward for
her services, she gave the woman who attended her this
watch.

Sikes. But what became of the child?

Fagin. At the workhouse. They call him Oliver Twist.

Monks. (*coming forward*) Fagin, I am glad to see you,
I overheard your tale— that trinket—let me see it.

Fagin. Yes, yes, Mr. Monks, in a moment—there is a
cypher on it—"H. B. The gift of a fond father."

Monks. Those initials too!—That cypher! By Heaven,
I was not deceived!—'twas hers—'twas hers!

Fagin. You knew the owner of this watch, then?

Monks. Knew her? Would I ne'er had seen her—I had
then been a crimeless man. Ask me nothing—thoughts of
the past torture me. Must I be ever haunted thus!

Fagin. An advertisement by the Board of St. Nicholas'
Workhouse, offering a premium of five pounds to any
tradesman who will take Oliver Twist as an apprentice.

Monks. Fagin that boy's fate is involved with mine, Get
him and you shall have a hundred pounds.

Fagin. And what would you do with him, Mr. Monks?

Monks. No harm—but we must have him in our power;

Fagin. You want to have this boy in your power? Vell,
it shall be done. Dawkins! Bates!

Take off Tables with THIEVES—and BATES & DODGER.

Re-enter BATES and DODGER, Right Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. To work! ye have been idle long enough. Not a handkerchief or watch these three days.

Bates. What a jolly row Fagin's kicking up about nothin.'

Dodger. I'm sure we're two 'dustrious covies as ever nimm'd a ticker, or fenced a sneezer—so don't go for to hurt our feelings by such injustice.

Bates. By-bye, Fagin Exit DODGER and BATES.

Fagin. One hundred pounds, if we get the boy?

Monks. Yes—I have said it.

Fagin. Enough. Sikes, come with me; you shall be the boy's master. Monks, come to my crib to-night and you shall find Oliver Twist there. Come with me, Sikes, and I will tell you what to do. Good day, Mr. Monks,

Exit FAGIN and Sikes.

Monks. The boy once in my power, all chance of his being recognized and claimed will be at an end. I might with one blow rid myself of him—but no—I dare not murder him. Her child, too! No, no—I must not dwell on it.

SCENE 2. No. 2. PAUPERS' ROOM IN ST. NICHOLAS WORKHOUSE. Wings No. 1.

Enter MRS. CORNEY, Left Hand—Plate 4.

Mrs. Corney. A pretty thing, indeed, I actually caught one of the paupers singing. Here comes Mr. Bumble!

Enter MR. BUMBLE, Right Hand—Plate 1.

Mrs. Corney. Good gracious! is that you, Mr. Bumble?

Bumble. Yes, ma'am. Bumble, the parochial beadle.

Enter OLIVER 'TWIST, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Mrs. Corney. Come here, Oliver. Make a bow.

Bumble. You know you've got no father or mother?

Oliver Twist. Oh, yes, too—too well!

Bumble. The board are going to have you taught a trade.

Enter PAUPER, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Pauper. Some one would speak to Mr. Bumble. [Exit.

Bumble. Who can it be? Oliver stand aside.

OLIVER TWIST retires.

Enter SIKES. Left Hand—Plate 1.

Sikes. Are you Mr. Bumble? This here boy that the parish wants to 'prentice. I see'd the advertisement in the 'Tizer, and if the parish would like him to learn a chimbley sweepin' bis'ness, I am ready to take him!

Bumble. A chimbley sweeper is a nasty trade.

Mrs. Corney. Young boys have been smothered in chimblies before now. Your proposal we don't approve of.

Sikes. So you won't let me have him?

Bumble. The Board have given me free power to act for them, and I think as it is a nasty business, the premium should not be more than three pound ten shillings.

Sikes. I'll get the 'dentures, and be back in a jiffey. Exit.

Bumble. Oliver, come here. (OLIVER comes forward)
You're a goin' to be made a 'prentice of.

Oliver Twist. A 'prentice, sir?

Bumble. Yes, Oliver. The kind gentleman are a going to 'prentice you, and make a man of you; and if the gentleman axes you a question, say you wants to be apprenticed.

Oliver Twist. Yes, sir, I'll say whatever you please.

OLIVER retires.

Enter Mr. BURNS, Left Hand—Plate 1.

Sikes. (to *Bumble*) The 'dentures will be ready presently (aside) I have succeeded—the boy is ours!

Bumble. Good day, your worship. We are rayther early for the summonses; the collectors are not come yet.

Burns. Now, Mr. Bumble, what business have you for me

Bumble. We only want you to sign the 'dentures of a poor orphan; whom the parish are going to 'prentice.

Burns. To what trade?

Bumble. A chimbley sweep, your worship.

Burns. To a sweep? Is the trade the boy's own choice?

Bumble. He is delighted with the idea, your worship.

Burns. 'Tis an unpleasant trade; but if the boy likes it, I cannot withhold my sanction. Call the boy and the master.

Bumble. Oliver dear, come to the gentleman.

OLIVER TWIST comes forward.

Bumble. (aside to *Oliver*) Mind what I told you.

Burns. So my lad, you're fond of chimney sweeping?

Bumble. Doats on it, your worship.

Burns. You can take the boy with you now: bring the indentures to the office to-morrow, and I will sign them.

Sikes. Thank your worship. Come my lad.

Oliver Twist. Oh, no, no—I would rather stay here and be beat, and kept without food, than go with you.

Burns. How is this? What is it that terrifies you?

Oliver Twist. Oh, sir, don't send me away with that man!

Bumble. Well, of all the artful and designing orphans I ever see'd, Oliver, you are one of the most barefacedst.

Burns. Hold your tongue I refuse to sign the indentures

Sikes. (aside) Damnation! we are done.

Oliver Twist. Heaven bless you, sir.

Exit all.

SCENE 3. No. 3. THE INTERIOR OF SOWERBERKY'S
HOUSE. Wings No. 2.

Enter SOWERBERRY, Left Hand—Plate 1.

Enter BUMBLE, Right Hand—Plate 1.

Bumble. Good evening, Mr. Sowerberry. You don't know anybody as wants a boy—parochial 'prentice.

Sowerberry. Well, I want a boy, and I'll take him.

Bumble. Egad, that's fortunate! Here comes the boy.

Enter OLIVER 'TWIN, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Sowerberry. Oh, that's the boy. He's small, Mr. Bumble.

Exit SOWERBERRY and BUMBLE.

Enter NOAH, Right Hand—Plate 1.

Noah. You are the new boy, ain't you?

Oliver Twist. Yes.

Noah. Well, my work'us brat, how's your mother?

Oliver Twist. She's dead! Don't say anything about her to me.

Noah. What did she die of, Work'us?

Oliver Twist. One of the nurses told me of a broken heart.

Noah. Your mother was a right down bad 'un, Work'us, and it's a great deal better she died when she did, or else she would have been transported, or hung.

Oliver Twist. My heart will burst! I cannot bear it! Liar!

Both to be drawn off.

OLIVER TWIST fighting with NOAH, Plate 2, to be put on.

Enter BUMBLE, Right Hand—Plate 1, and

SOWERBERRY, Left Hand—Plate 1.

Sowerberry. Why, what does this mean?

Noah. If you please, sir, here's the new boy murd'ring me

OLIVER and NOAH to be drawn off.

Re-enter OLIVER TWIST, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Enter NOAH, Right Hand—Plate 1.

Bumble. I must inform the Board of this outrage. We will lock the boy in here until we return.

Exit all but OLIVER.

Oliver Twist. They are gone! The feelings that struggled in my breast can now have vent. All is dark and silent—they will return—I will away at once.

Exit.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE 4. No. 4. ROADSIDE TO LONDON. Wings No 2.

Enter OLIVER TWIST, Left Hand—Plate 1.

Oliver Twist. I listened to all till he spoke of my mother and then I felt I could endure it no longer.

Enter DODGER, Right Hand—Plate 2.

Dodger. Vot are you after?

Oliver Twist. I'm after nothing, sir.

Dodger. Isn't he jolly green? I s'pose you're running from the beaks, eh? You know what a beak is, I s'pose?

Oliver Twist. Oh yes, sir, the mouth of a bird.

Dodger. Why a beak's a magistrate; but none o' your gammon. Do you mean to say you never was on the mill?

Oliver Twist. You're a strange boy and I hope a good one.

Dodger. Good as gold. They calls me the Artful Dodger. Where I live *you* shall live if you like. Going to London?

Oliver Twist. Yes.

Dodger. Got any money?

Oliver Twist. No.

Dodger. Well I'm blessed if you ain't hard up! I knows a 'spectable old gentleman in London who'll give you lodgings for nothin', and don't he know *me*? Oh no, not at all neither. There, cut away, my covey. Exit both.

SCENE 5. No. 5. INTERIOR OF FAGIN'S HOUSE.

Wings No. 1.

THIEVES discovered smoking, Plate 2.

Enter FAGIN, Right Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. There's somebody coming up the stairs. (*calling*) Who's there?

Bates. (*without*) Plummy and Sam!

Enter DODGER Left Hand—Plate 5. followed by

OLIVER TWIST, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. What! two of you—vhere did he come from?

Dodger. From Greenland. This is my friend Oliver Twist

Fagin. I'm glad to see you, my tear;

Bates and Thieves. Yes, yes, we're all glad to see you.

Exit THIEVES.

Oliver Twist. What a lot of handkerchiefs!

Dodger. We're going to sew 'em together to make summer trowsers of, my covey. (*aside*) He is so jolly green.

Exit DODGER and OLIVER.

Enter DODGER and BATES, Right Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. Been at work, my tears?

Dodger. Like Britons, Fagin.

Enter OLIVER TWIST, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. The Dodger's the best workman, ain't he, Oliver?

Oliver Twist. I never saw him at work, sir.

Fagin. Go out for a walk, my tear, with the Dodger and Charley, and mind you do whatever they tell you.

Dodger. You heard what the old gentleman said, you're to do whatever we young gentlemen tells you.

Oliver Twist. I will, sir.

Exit all.

SCENE 6. No. 6. A STREET IN CLERKENWELL.
Wings No. 1

Enter DODGER & BATES, running, Left Hand—Plate 4.

Bates. Ha, ha, ha!

Dodger. Hold your noise—do you want to be grabbed?

Bates. I can't help it; to see Oliver running away.

Dodger. Yes, and the very first plant we had when he was with us, to be sich an unlucky 'un.

Bates. He little thought what work Fagin would make us do; what a precious green 'un he is. Exit both.

Enter FAGIN, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Fagin. Ah, the boys not here.

Enter BATES & DODGER, Right Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. Only two of you? where's the boy?

Dodger. Why—

Fagin. Why do you not answer me? What's become of the boy?—Speak out, or I'll throttle you!

Enter SIKES, Right Hand—Plate 4.

Sikes. Why, what's in the wind now?

Fagin. Misther Sikes, the boy's gone.

Dodger. Oliver was with us, and just as we nabbed the wipe, he turned round; we cut—Oliver run, and they run arter him, thinking he was a thief.

Fagin. I'm afraid he will get us into trouble.

Sikes. Charley, Dodger, do nothing but skulk about till you bring home some news of him.

Exit BATES & DODGER, and Enter NANCY, Left Hand Pl 3.

Sikes. Nancy, I want you to look after Oliver Twist

Nancy. I know, Bill. I'll say I'm his sister. Oh! Oh! who's seen my poor little brother what has been stoled away

Sikes. She's a honour to her sex.

Exit all.

SCENE 7. No. 7. A ROOM IN MR. BROWNLOW'S
HOUSE. Wings No. 2.

ENTER MRS. BEDWIN, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Enter OLIVER TWIST, fig 1. Left Hand—Plate 3.

Enter MR. BROWNLOW, Right Hand—Plate 3.

Mrs. Bedwin. I hope you are better now, my dear.

Oliver Twist. Much better, thank you.

Mrs. Bedwin. Look there! (*points to picture against the wall*) I never saw such a resemblance in my life; so like her's who—but no—that's impossible. Exit Mrs. BEDWIN

Oliver Twist. Why do you look so sternly upon me, sir? Let me stay here. Oh, do, and I will be your faithful servant

Mr. Brownlow. Your likeness to one whom I once dearly loved—will make me regard you with interest and affection.

Enter MRS. BEDWIN, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Enter Mr. GRIMWIG, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Mr Brownlow. Oh, the books. Let the man stop.

Mrs. Bedwin. He's gone, sir.

Mr. Brownlow. Dear me! I wanted to pay him. There are some books to be returned also.

Grimwig. Send the boy there with them; he'll be sure to take them safe, you know. Ha, ha, ha!

Oliver Twist. Oh! do, sir! I'll run all the way.

Mr. Brownlow. You shall go, just to prove to my old friends what a bad judge he is of faces.

Exit Mrs. BEDWIN.

Mr. Brownlow. There is a five pound note; pay the bill and bring me back the change.

Exit OLIVER TWIST & Re-enter fig. 2. Right Hand—Plate 3

Oliver Twist. Thank you, sir. Exit.

Mr. Brownlow. It won't take him longer than half an hour

Grimwig. Oh, you expect him back, do you?

Mr. Brownlow. Of course. Don't you?

Grimwig. If that boy comes back again, I'll eat my head
Exit all.

SCENE 8. No. 6. A STREET IN CLERKENWELL,
Wings No. 1.

Enter OLIVER with books, fig. 2. Right Hand—Plate 3.

Oliver Twist. What a kind gentlemen to trust me.

Enter NANCY, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Nancy. I've found him! Oh my poor brother!

Oliver Twist. Let me go! What are you stopping me for?
I don't know you, I tell you. Help, help!

Enter SIKES, Right Hand—Plate 4.

Enter POLICEMEN and MOB, Left Hand Plate 6.

Sikes. Hullo, what's this? I'll help you.

Oliver Twist. Oh, don't take them, they're not mine!

Nancy. Don't hurt him, but take him to his mother.

SCENE 9. No. 5. INTERIOR OF FAGIN'S HOUSE

(as before) Wings No. 1.

Enter FAGIN, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Enter OLIVER TWIST, fig. 1, Right Hand—Plate 3.

Enter NANCY and DODGER, Right Hand—Pl. 2.

Fagin. Delighted to see you looking so well, my tear!

Dodger. Oh! here's a five pound flimsey and some books.

Oliver Twist. They belong to the gentleman. Pray send them back, and the money, or they'll think I'm a thief.

Fagin. That's what we want 'em to think. (OLIVER TWIST runs off.) After him, Dodger!

Exit DODGER.

Nancy. I wish I had not brought him here. He's a thief and the companion of thieves from this night forth. Who taught me to pilfer and steal when I was a child? you, Fagin!

Fagin. Vell it vas your living, varn't it?

Nancy. Heaven help me, it was? and the cold wet streets my home, and you are the wretch who drove me to 'em.

Exit all.

SCENE 10. No. 8. CHAMBER AT MR. BROWNLOW'S

Wings No. 2.

Enter MR. BROWNLOW, Right Hand—Plate 3.

Enter MR. GRIMWIG, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Mr. Brownlow. Heigho!

Grimwig. Ah, you may well sigh! I told you I'd eat my head if he came back again.

Enter MRS. BEDWIN, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Mrs. Bedwin. I knew we should hear of him. Here's a person who can tell us something of Oliver. Come in sir.

Enter BUMBLE, Left Hand—Plate 4.

Grimwig. You are a parish beadle, are you not?

Bumble. Yes, sir, I am—a parochial beadle.

Mr. Brownlow. Well, my friend, do you know where this poor boy is to be found?

Bumble. No, sir—I do not.

Mr. Brownlow. Well, sir, what do you know of him?

Bumble. From his birth he was the most vicious boy that ever was. Exit.

Mr. Brownlow. Heigho! the boy then was an impostor.

Mrs. Bedwin. I won't believe it.

Grimwig. You old women believe nobody.

Mr. Brownlow. Never let me hear that boy's name again.

Mrs. Bedwin. Very well, sir; poor boy, poor boy. Exit

Grimwig. I knew you'd be deceived in him; If you hadn't, I'd have eaten all your heads. Exit.

Mr. Brownlow. And I imagined that boy to possess the most affectionate heart. It's a wicked world! Exit.

SCENE 11. No. 5. INTERIOR OF FAGIN'S HOUSE,
(as before) Wings No. 1.

OLIVER asleep to be put on—Plate 4.

Enter FAGIN and NANCY, Right Hand—Plate 2.

and SIKES, Left Hand—Plate 2.

Fagin. About the crib at Chertsey, Bill; is it to be done?

Sikes. As soon as you like; one thing we shall need, and that's a boy.

Nancy. You're going to speak of Oliver.

Sikes. Well, 'spose I am, he's just the size.

Fagin. And vill do all you vant, if you frighten him. The boy's there, fast asleep: sound, sound!

OLIVER asleep to be drawn off.

Re-enter OLIVER, fig. 1, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Nancy. Don't hurt him, Bill.

Sikes. We're off, Fagin. (to Oliver) One cry, one sound, and you die—come. Exit. both.

Fagin. Do you mean to betray us?

Nancy. No. Good night. Exit.

Fagin. These vomen are a deal of trouble. Toby says there's plate enough to make born gentlemen of us; I'll make haste and get all the money I can, and then I'll turn honest and repent, and try to pray—yes, I vill; when I've more gold—more—more! Exit.

SCENE 12. No. 9. EXTERIOR OF MRS. MAYLIE'S HOUSE. Wings No. 2.

Enter SIKES, Right Hand—Pl. 4 & TOBY, Right Hand—Pl. 3

Enter OLIVER TWIST, fig. 1, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Sikes. Hand the boy here.

Oliver Twist. I see it all now:—robbery—perhaps murder! Oh, do not make me steal!

Sikes. Be quiet. I'm going to get you through there; go straight along to the street door, and then open it for us. Exit OLIVER TWIST.

Sikes. All right. he goes straight to the door.

Toby. All right. Hark!—I hear something!

Sikes. (*pistol shot heard within*) Hark!—all's up. Come back, you young villain!

Re-enter *SIKES*, with pistols, Right Hand—Plate 4.

Enter *OLIVER*, wounded, Left Hand—Plate 4.

Sikes. They've hit him—how he bleeds? We must bolt
Exit all.

FOOTMAN, in Plate 3, following, to be put on.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE 13. No. 10. A HALL IN THE HOUSE OF

Mrs. MAYLIE. Wings No. 2.

Enter *SERVANTS*, Plates 4 & 5.

Enter *OLIVER TWIST* (wounded), Right Hand—Plate 4.

Servant. Murder! Thieves!

Enter *ROSE*, Left Hand—Plate 4.

Rose. What's the matter?

Servants. The thieves! the thieves! There's one of 'em.

Oliver Twist. No, no: indeed I'm not.

Rose. Why, this poor boy cannot be a robber.

Oliver Twist. I am not, indeed, ma'am. I am in the power of wicked men, who would make me guiltiest of the guilty. I am a poor orphan: I never knew a mother's love or father's care! I have been driven by poverty to herd with men who have forced me into guilt and misery. Shelter and protect me
Exit all.

SCENE 14. No. 11. THE STAIRS AND ARCH OF LONDON BRIDGE. Wings No. 3.

Enter *NOAH*, Right Hand—Pl. 5. & *FAGIN*, Left Hand Pl 3.

Fagin. You can dodge a voman, can't you?

Noah. I believe you; and whack her too, if that's all.

Fagin. It's Nancy I want you to watch her, and tell me where she goes. I must go and dodge her from *Sikes*' and then I'll leave the rest to you—be on the look out. Exit

Noah. I' spose he's doubtful of Nance, he's afraid she's going to split. I hates a sneak Hark! footsteps! I'll hide and open my ears and my eyes. Exit

Enter *NANCY*, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Enter *ROSE* and *Mr. BROWNLOW*, Right Hand—Plate 5.

Mr. Brownlow. You were not here as you promised?

Nancy. 'Twas not my fault; he kept me at home by force
Mr. Brownlow. Have you heard any more of the man who calls himself Monks?

Nancy. I have; a bargain was struck between the Jew and him, to make Oliver a thief.

Mr. Brownlow. Did you learn for what purpose?

Nancy. I heard the man called Monks say, "Jew as you are, you will never lay such plans for your victims, as I have for my young brother Oliver."

Rose. His brother! What, Oliver!

Nancy. Thank Heaven, lady, that you had friends to protect you in your infancy—that you never were in the midst of riot, drunkenness, and crime, as I have been since a child! the alley and the streets have been my cradle, and they will be my death-bed.

Mr. Brownlow. Are you not afraid of being watched?

Nancy. No, for I gave Bill a dose of laudanum in his drink before I left. But this let me tell you, while I have time, there are certain papers hid in our house by the Jew which Monks gave him to destroy. I know where I can get them, and if I live till to-morrow they shall be yours.

Rose. Take this purse.

Nancy. No, no. Follow me not, or you may cause my destruction. Farewell, and Heaven bless you. Exit all.

SCENE 15. No. 6. A STREET. Wings No. 1.

Enter NANCY, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Enter NOAH, following NANCY, Left Hand—Plate 5.

Nancy. I think I have escaped unnoticed. I hope Bill has not woken. I don't know how it is, but I have such a fear and dread upon me to-night. Exit both.

Enter FAGIN, Left Hand—Plate 3. followed by

SIKES, Left Hand—Plate 2. & NOAH, Right Hand—Plate 5.

Sikes. And is this true?

Noah. As true as I am here; I heard it all.

Sikes. And so she's been playing false, eh? Why none of us are safe.

Fagin. Very true; (*aside*) If he does her mischief, so much the better for me, for then I shall get rid of both of them.

Noah. It's all true as I've told you, 'pon my soul.

Fagin. Yes, he's a good lad, and has vatched vell.

Sikes. I'll stop her tongue for ever, this night. Exit.

Fagin. Follow him, Noah—if you hear him quarrelling with Nancy, don't interrupt them.

Noah. All right, old cock.

Exit.

Fagin. Sikes knows too much ; de girl knows too much. Vell, I leave them to settle it. Bill may stop her tongue, and who knows but Sikes may be brought to the gallows. Last night I had a dream ; I thought I had been condemned to die, and sat in my cell the night before the morning of my execution. I dreamt I heard these words—"To be hanged by the neck till I am dead!"—and is this—no! 'twas a dream, and dreams by contraries go. Exit.

SCENE 16. No. 12. SIKES'S GARRET. Wings No. 1.

NANCY discovered asleep on bed, Plate 5.

Enter SIKES, Left hand—Plate 2.

Sikes. Get up.

NANCY to be drawn off & Re-enter Right Hand—Plate 2.

Nancy. Is that you, Bill? Oh, I'm so glad! But you've put out the candle.

Sikes. There's light enough for what I've got to do.

Nancy. I'll open the window.

Sikes. Stay where you are ; I want you.

Nancy. Oh, tell me, what I've done!

Sikes. You've been watched to-night.

SIKES and NANCY to be drawn off.

Put on SIKES and NANCY struggling, Plate 5.

Nancy. Oh, you cannot have the heart to kill me. I will not loose my hold till you say you forgive me.

Sikes. Let go, will you?

Nancy. Stop and hear me, Bill—I have been true to you I have, upon my guilty soul.

Sikes. It's a lie.

Nancy. No, it's the truth. The good lady and gentleman told me of a home where I could end my days in peace. Let me see them again. It is never too late to repent.

Sikes. Will you let go?

Nancy. No, never, till you say you forgive me.

Sikes. Then die. [Exit both.

(A pistol shot heard without.)

Re-enter SIKES, Right Hand—Plate 3,

He staggers across and Exits.

SCENE 17. No. 7. PARLOR AT MR. BROWNLOW'S
Wings No. 2.

Enter Mr. BROWNLOW, Right hand—Plate 3.

Enter MONKS, Left Hand—Plate 3.

Enter SERVANTS, Left Hand—Plate 4.

Monks. By wht uthority am I brought here?

Mr. Brownlow. By mine. Edward Leeford, I was your father's oldest friend; you have a brother, named Oliver.

Monks. 'Tis false—I am an only child.

Mr. Brownlow. Your father had issue by another, whom he married under a false name, and then deserted her. She fled from the world to hide her shame, and in the Workhouse gave birth to Oliver and expired; soon after your father died, leaving a will.

Monks. He did—bequeathing to myself and my mother the whole of his property.

Mr. Brownlow. False, sir; he left you half only, leaving the other to Oliver. To appropriate the whole, you have sought to destroy the boy, but Heaven sent a protector in me.

Monks. (*aside*) Perdition! does he know so much?

Enter OLIVER TWIST, fig 1. Left Hand—Plate 3.

Oliver Twist. Oh, Mr. Brownlow, Nancy has been murdered by Sikes, and the police are seeking him everywhere!

Mr. Brownlow. (to MONKS) Now sir, here is your wronged brother, take him by the hand, ask for pardon, and all shall be forgotten and forgiven.

Monks. Never! never! you have triumphant over me, and may my curse rest on you all! Exit.

Oliver Twist. He! my brother——

Enter BUMBLE, Right Hand—Plate 1.

Bumble. Oh, Mr. Brownlow, here's such a to do—they have tracked the murderer of Nancy to a house by the river side, and the people are trying to secure him, and——

Oliver Twist. Oh, let not the murderer escape!

Mr. Brownlow. Fear not, he shall not escape.

Exit all.

SCENE 18. No. 13. A VIEW OF JACOB'S ISLAND. Wings No. 3.

The white part of the window to be cut out, and the Room in Set Piece to be placed at the back of the opening. The small Characters in Plate 6, to be used here.

TOBY & DODGER discovered in Room Playing at Cards,
Plate 6.

Toby. That's mine—so Fagin's nailed, eh?

Dodger. Yes; they nabbed him just at dinner time. I cut my luckey up the chimney—Charley got into the water butt but they seed his legs sticking out at top, and nailed him.

Enter SIKES, Right Hand—Plate 6.

Sikes. I hear Fagin's taken, is that true?

Toby. Yes.

Sikes. Well, why don't you speak to me?—Do you mean to sell me, or let me stay here till the hunt's over.

Toby. Stay here, if you think you're safe.

Sikes. Is the—the—body buried?—hark! what's that!

Dodger. Toby, let's go into the other room.

Sikes. What, don't you know an old pal?

Toby. Oh yes, I know you—but don't you come near me. You murdered poor Nance, and if they come here I'll give you up: He's here! Murder!—help! Exit all.

Put on DODGER and SIKES, struggling, Plate 6.

and TOBY, Right Hand—Plate 6.

Toby. Throw him over. They come!

DODGER and SIKES to be drawn off, and Re-enter

SIKES, Right Hand—Plate 6.

Mr Brownlow. (*without*) Open, in the King's name.

Sikes. Is the door downstairs fast?

Toby. Double locked and chained, and lined with iron.

Sikes. Then damn you all, do your worst, I'll cheat you.

Mr. Brownlow. (*without*) Twenty guineas to the man who brings a ladder!

Toby. Quick, Bill, or you'll be nabbed! Exit.

Exit SIKES, and Re-enter with rope, Plate 6.

Sikes. Ah! here's a coil of rope! By the window I can lower myself into the ditch (*he gets out of window*). I can let myself down to within a few feet of the ground, and—then damn ye! catch me if you can! Exit across house tops.

Enter OLIVER, Mr. BROWNLOW, GRIMWIG, ROSE,

and POLICE, Plate 6 (All Small Characters.)

They cross the Room, and Exit.

Re-enter Mr. BROWNLOW & ROSE, Right Hand—Plate 5.

Enter OLIVER fig. 1, Left Hand Plate 3.

Enter POLICE and MOB, Plate 6 (All Large Characters)

Mr. Brownlow. The murderer has met his death, hung by his own bloodthirsty hands, and poor Nancy is avenged. Oliver, dear son of my only brother; your enemies are vanquished, and a happy life is opening before you.

Oliver Twist. How can I thank you, sir? words cannot convey the gratitude I feel towards you and the kind friends who have befriended the poor orphan Boy—Oliver Twist!

THE END.



Bumble

Oliver



Mrs. Corney

Sykes

Mr. Burns

Noah

Mr. Sowerberry

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Fagin



Nancy



Sykes



Artful Dodger



Oliver



Bates

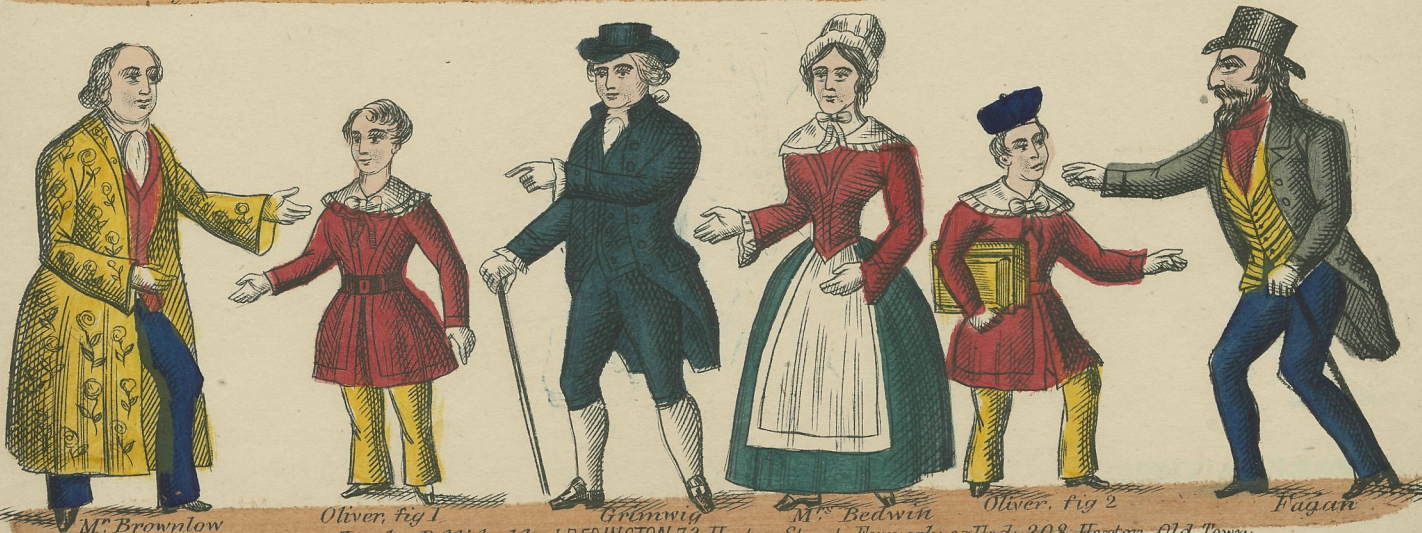


Pauper



Noah

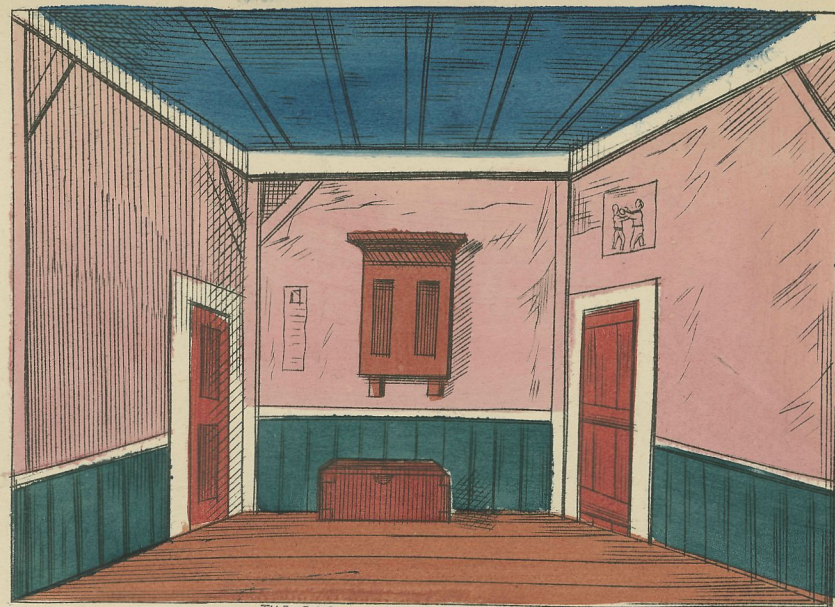
Oliver.











THE ROOM TO BE PLACED AT BACK OF SCENE 13

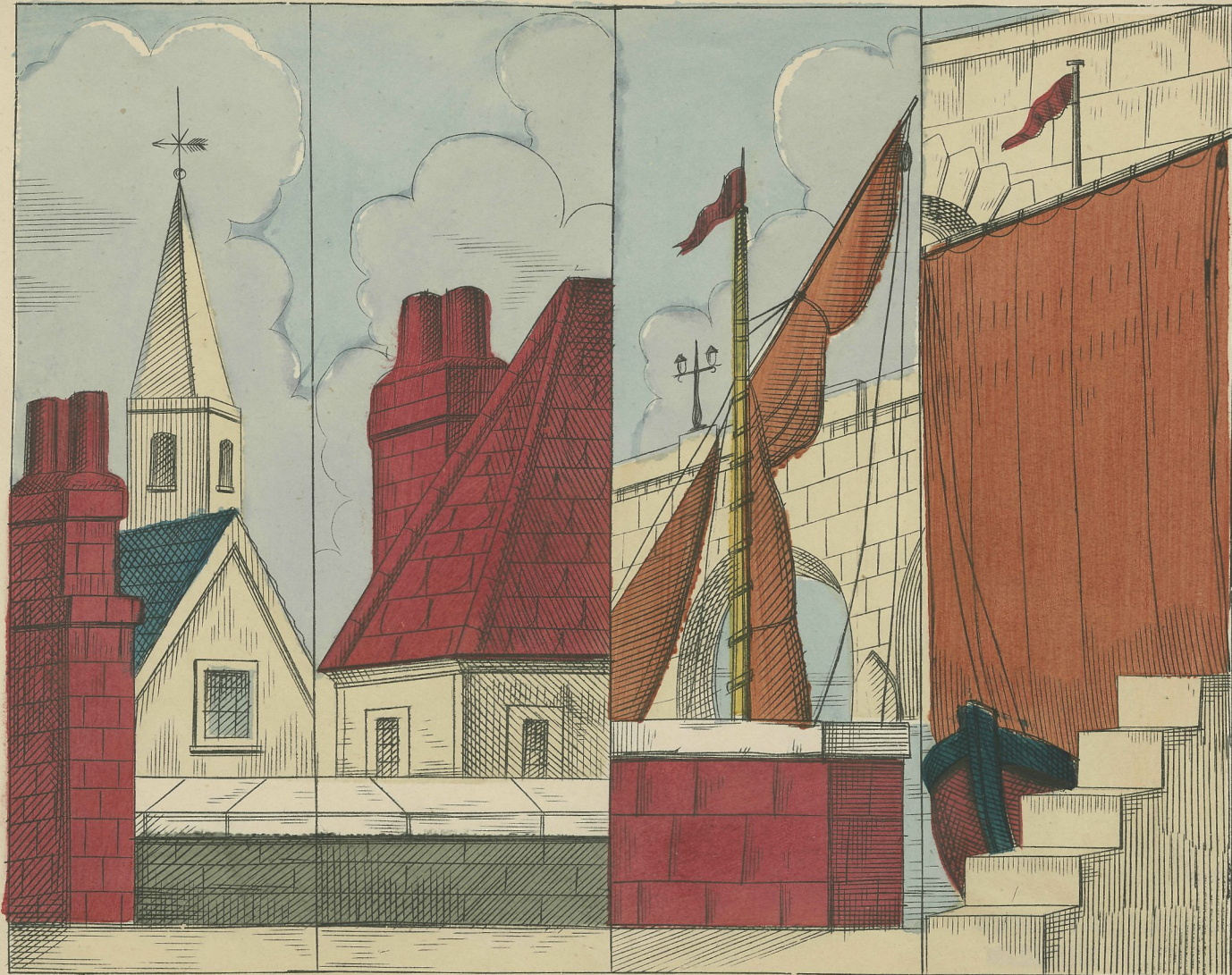


Thieves

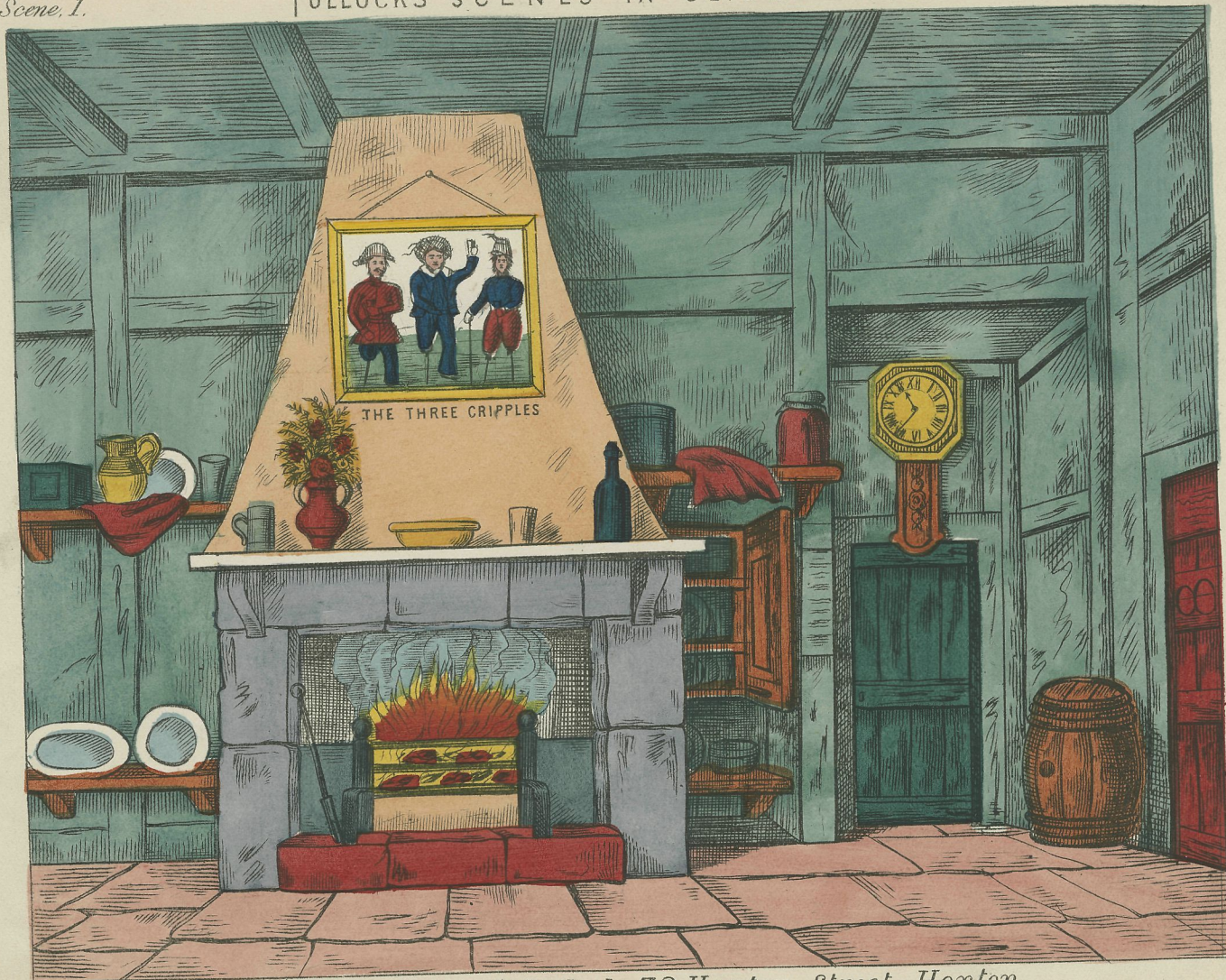


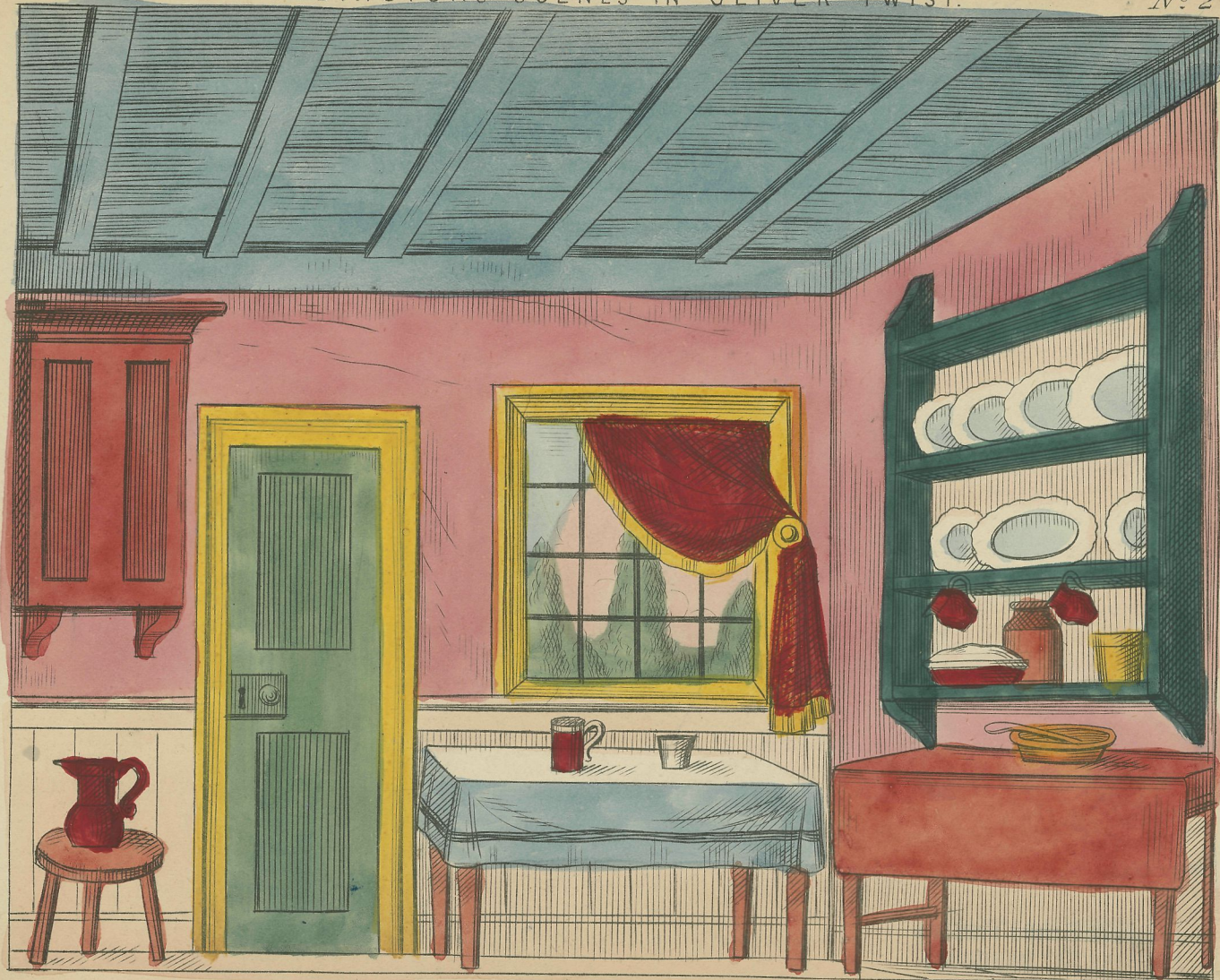
Bates & Dodger











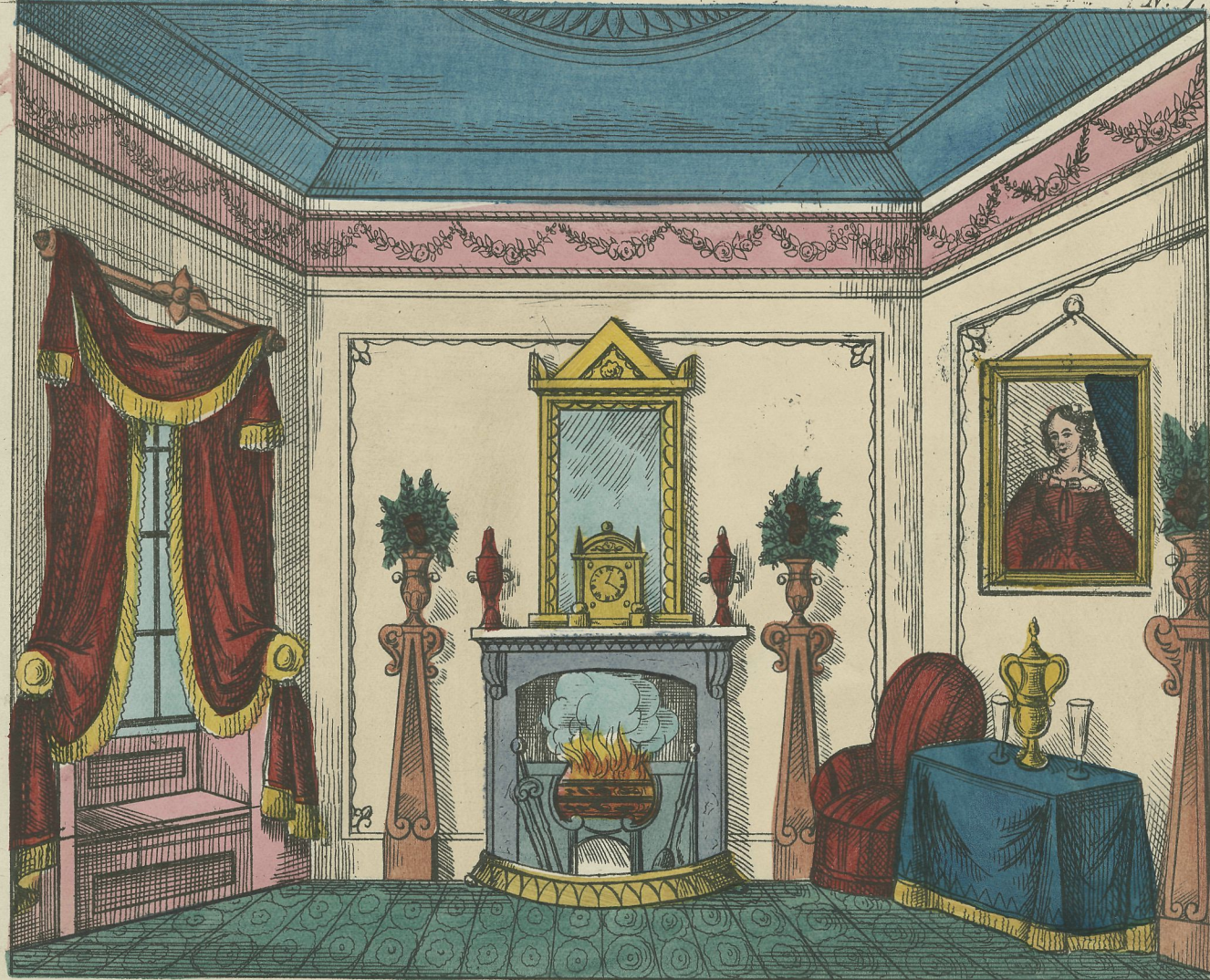




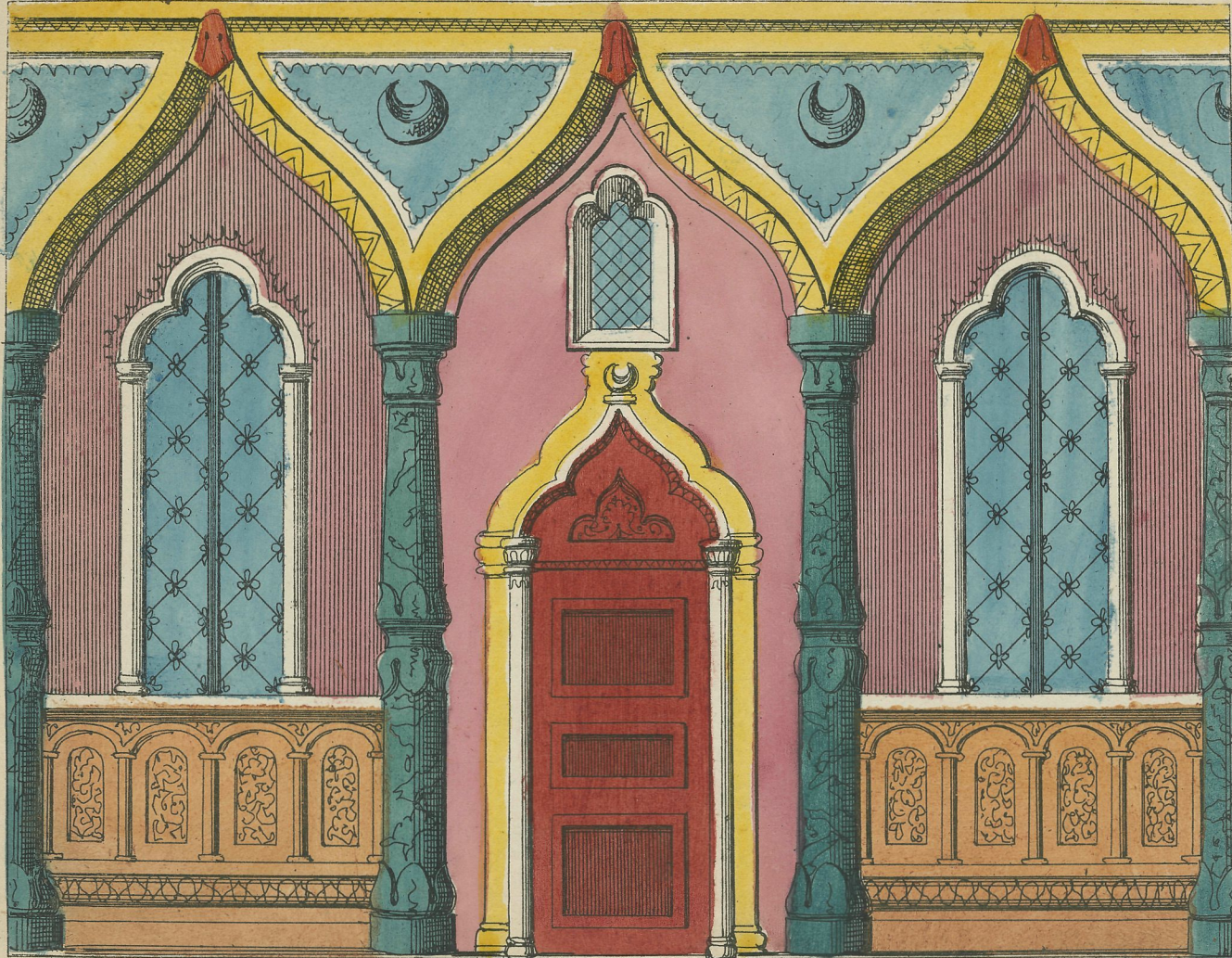




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